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For the American Art Journal.  
IN THE NIGHT.

BY MINETTE.

Two little feet upon the hearthstone warm,  
A fair head on my arm;  
Long hair that glittered in the fireshine;—  
Oh Love! sweet Love of mine!  
What glory wrapped us in that fleeting glow,  
So long—so long ago!

The red-hot embers into ashes fell;  
Each was a fairy-tale  
That we two read, and all its lore was love,  
And from the dark above,  
Floated and wavered down the silent snow,  
So long—so long ago!

The wind went shivering through the icy trees,  
Low moaning like the seas;  
The wild fox barked across the snowy moor,  
And sighing, to our door  
Wandered the eerie sound, far off and low—  
So long—ah, long ago!

Through the wide chimney dripped the snow like rain,  
And on the diamond pane,  
The frost drew pictures of the summer gone;  
While fainter—farther borne—  
That lonely cry came shuddering o'er the snow,  
So long—so long ago!

Sweet little love of mine in those old days,  
What word of tenderest praise  
Can bring once more the shy look turned from mine,  
The little hands soft twine?  
Or the quick blush that mocked the firelight's glow,  
So long—so long ago!

So many winters, and so many springs  
Have passed on silent wings!  
So long ago we kissed and said farewell,  
And lost our fairy spell!  
What have we gained since that wild night of snow  
So long—so long ago?

Dreams that were madness—wakings that were wild,  
Since last your brown eyes smiled!  
Wisdom and sorrow, memory and regret  
For love that haunts us yet!  
Ah! it was better in that winter snow,  
So long—ah, long ago!

And I would give this Southern nights' perfume,  
Dying o'er fields of bloom—  
The starry Cross that lights the midnight calm—  
The white magnolia's balm—  
Just to bring back that night of storm and snow,  
So long—so long ago!

HOW I SAW RISTORI.

Scene, my "den"—not a den of wild animals, fair reader, but a literary den, bestrewn with scraps of paper, books, old programmes, pipes and tobacco—discovered, myself, hard at work on a play, which is, at some future day, to electrify the world, when enter to me Carlos. Carlos is my bosom friend—Carlos is a man with a very large voice and heart to match—in short, Carlos is "a man, take him for all in all, &c., &c." Carlos is in a hurry; Carlos is excited; his face is flushed; in short, Carlos has something to communicate. Having lighted a pipe and encircled himself with a cloud of blue smoke, Carlos opens the conversation in this wise:

"Shugge, I want you to do me a favor."

"Name it, and it shall be done."

"Well, the truth of the matter is this," (puffing out an immense volume of Indian cloudlets,) "you know I went to see Ristori as Phædra some few nights since and was disappointed; not so Mrs. Carlos, who has made up her mind that she must see 'la divina' as Lady Macbeth. Now you know as well as I do that it is a dangerous thing to thwart a woman in her will, especially when the woman is your wife." (Carlos has an immense idea of woman's will, as well as a true appreciation of her beauty.) "So I have procured tickets for this evening's performance, and the favor I have to ask is that you will accompany the partner of my joys and sorrows to the Brooklyn Academy of Music."

I hesitate for a moment. I have an engagement to make a very pleasant call. Carlos begins to grow nervous, and it is next to impossible to discover his rubicund face behind the breastwork of smoke which he is gradually puffing up before him. Can I sit calmly by and see the smile expelled from that jovial countenance? Never.

"Carlos, I do accept your invitation, and will be happy to make the pilgrimage."

"If I may be allowed to use the expression, you are [a brick! Now let us finish our pipes, and then you can come up and take a bit of dinner with me, which will enable you to make an early start, for I assure you that the pilgrimage to Brooklyn is no slight undertaking."

Now if Carlos has one peculiarity, it is his constant habit of inviting people to have a "bit" of dinner with him—it is one of his little idiosyncracies. Why he should always insist on this particular mode of expression is something that I have never been able to comprehend, nevertheless Carlos invariably prefaces his dinner with a "bit." Perchance "bit" is a playful abbreviation of "bitters."

Well, I did—or, rather, had a "bit" of dinner—with Carlos, and after waiting for the time prescribed by all ladies to "just put their bonnet on," behold us—Mrs. Carlos and your most obedient—armed and prepared for the journey.

The New York part of the expedition is passed, and we are landed on the sacred and, to me, unknown shore of Brooklyn. Brooklyn has been named, by the historians and journalists, the "City of Churches." Brooklyn supports an Academy of Music, a theatre, several minstrel halls, a newspaper, a city hall, mayor, and common council. Brooklyn is undoubtedly a great

city—to me it is a *terra incognita*, a pathless wilderness—but luckily there are street cars in Brooklyn, and having safely ensconced ourselves in one of these speedy conveyances—having previously requested the conductor to stop at the Academy—we confide ourselves to the hands of fate and the afore-mentioned conductor. Now conductors are but human, and our particular conductor, having collected his fares, went to sleep. The consequence was that we were carried some three or four blocks beyond our destination. But every thing must have an end, and so our journey. Then, by the pale light of the moon and the city hall clock, we threaded our way to the Brooklyn Academy of Music, arriving just in time to see the witches disappear, after having informed Macbeth of the good luck awaiting him. I have seen much better Macbeths than Sig. Gleck—Forrest, Booth, Davenport, Coudlock, and preëminently J. W. Wallack—hence his performance of that part impressed me but slightly. There are undoubtedly good points in it, but they are of a negative rather than of a positive character. The truth is, Sig. Gleck is too much given to rant, and by extreme earnestness spoils many of the finest passages of the play. But now Ristori enters, and all the vast assemblage is hushed into breathless expectancy as she continues the perusal of Macbeth's epistle. In this she utterly fails to convey the idea conveyed by Shakspeare. Lady Macbeth is but continuing the perusal of her husband's letter; she has already been told of the appearance of the witches, of their prophecies of future distinction to the warlike Thane, and when she comes before us has reached the passage: "They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the pericetest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge." Then follows the description of the meeting with Macduff and Lenox, who corroborate the witches prophecy. Now any woman, on learning such startling intelligence as this, would be flurried, excited and astounded, both at the mystery of the witches and the dazzling prospects of future greatness. Not so Ristori. She is calm, impassioned, cold as marble—no nervousness in voice or manner displays the natural feeling of the woman, but in its place there is a dignified, classic posture, and a voice unshaken by the slightest tinge of excitement. Throughout the entire play this same fault is manifest—here and there we have brilliant flashes of true genius, but the performance, as a whole, is unsatisfactory, and not until we come to the famous "sleeping scene" are we at all roused to any degree of enthusiasm. Here the acting, dressing, and general "business" of Ristori are admirable, and atone, to a great extent, for the other defects of the performance. Her management of drapery is a perfect study, while the idea of somnambulism is excellently carried out. Her exit, however, although novel, is not so effective as the traditional "backing out" which has been handed down, from actress to actress, since the days of Mrs. Siddons, giving less chance for fine and telling poses; nevertheless, it is full of strong points, and Madame Ristori deserves great credit for the power and originality of her conception.

We have reached home at last—we have seen Ristori as Lady Macbeth—it is on the stroke of

midnight—Carlos slumbers in his easy chair, and the moon shines clear and bright on the deserted streets of New York.

And what is my general opinion of Ristori, you ask fair reader? It is this: She is undoubtedly a great genius and a fine actress; but she is not the *greatest* genius, nor the *greatest* actress that we have ever had in this country. There is more artificiality in her acting than there was in that of Rachel's, and as Lady Macbeth she is far surpassed by our own great actress, Charlotte Cushman.

SHUGGE.

#### MATTERS THEATRIC.

"£100,000," was produced at Wallack's last week, and, although possessed of a sterling title, was not, as a play, a sterling success. There are some flashes of humor here and there, and the dialogue, as a general thing, is pointed and witty, but the plot is composed of the flimsiest materials, while what little interest there is in it, is very badly sustained throughout. Mr. Byron fell into excellent hands when he fell into those of the Wallack company, for they have labored conscientiously to bring out all the good points of his work, and in doing so present us with a series of wonderfully true and life-like pieces of acting. From the greatest to the least every part is well played, and amid so much excellent acting it is almost invidious to make a distinction, still I cannot help referring to the admirable personations of Mr. Gilbert and Mrs. Vernon as Mr. and Mrs. Joel Barlow. Two more natural and quietly humorous pieces of acting it would be difficult to conceive. Joel, with his rough, uncouth manner, covering the warm heart beneath, and his general eye to business running through all his ideas, and putting him at last in a rather disagreeable position, is a finely drawn picture of a numerous class of society on the other side of the water; while his prim, cosy wife, with the irrepressible female desire to "nag" in days of prosperity, but who, when the final crash comes, and her husband is left penniless, asserts the tender qualities of womankind, and soothes him with her wifely love, would be an honor to every British tradesman. Somehow or other, there is a genuine honesty and unctuousness about the acting of the old school, of which Mr. Gilbert and Mrs. Vernon are admirable representatives, which is very delicious, and has the ring of the true metal—mixed with no base alloy—but real, downright nature, and when such artists are cast to congenial parts, one is certain to expect a rare treat.

Mrs. Vernon—dear, funny Mrs. Vernon!—made her re-appearance this season in "£100,000," receiving a most flattering recognition. The dear lady is looking as blooming as ever, and seems to have lost none of that vim and quiet humor which has always characterized her acting. She is one of the most valuable members of Mr. Wallack's company, being unsurpassed in her particular line, and may she live long to delight us with the exquisite drollery of her acting, and the pleasant smile of her kind merry face!

"War to the Knife," another new comedy by Mr. Byron, was produced at the New York Theatre on Monday evening of this week, and made a

decided hit. The play is full of interest, and for the most part, well played, and there is but little doubt that it will have a long run. The plot, although having many improbabilities, is a good one, and is mainly as follows: Capt. Thistleton, a scoundrel and a gambler, has in his possession a girlish love letter written to him in days gone by, by a Mrs. Harcourt, this letter the lady is anxious to obtain, fearing the jealousy and anger of her husband, who is the dupe of Thistleton, should he ever see it; confiding her troubles to an intimate friend, Mrs. Delacour, that lady determines to become possessed of the dangerous epistle, to accomplish which, she gives Thistleton a sleeping potion, and then, while he slumbers, steals the letter from his pocket, leaving the envelope, however, and placing in it another letter which she finds among his papers, Thistleton, innocent of the theft that has been accomplished, determines to give the letter to Harcourt and does so, but what is the astonishment of all present on reading its contents, to discover that he (Thistleton) is engaged in a wholesale robbery of a country bank, the letter being from his accomplice in guilt, who has been presiding as the president of the institution.

This, it may be seen, gives many opportunities for strong and telling points which have been seized on with avidity by the author. The dialogue is sparkling and witty, and, in many places, positively delightful, but the general enjoyableness of the play is greatly marred by the coarse vulgarity and overdrawn exaggeration of Mr. Lewis Baker, who as Mr. Nubbly makes a ridiculous caricature of what, as written, is really a fine part. His drunken scene is grossly offensive, an exhibition that should never be tolerated on the boards of any respectable theatre. Mr. Baker is possessed of considerable talent, but he utterly prostitutes it in his endeavors to gain, by exaggeration and vulgarity, the applause of the groundlings.

Mr. Mark Smith's John Blunt is exceedingly good, being a marked contrast to the ridiculous antics of Mr. Baker. He plays the part in a quiet, genial, and gentlemanly manner, which is very delightful, and fully elicits the sympathies of the audience.

Mr. Metkiff, as Capt. Thistleton, is good, but he should remember, that gentlemen, while in the presence of ladies, are not in the habit of stretching themselves on sofas, and otherwise behaving like boors.

Mrs. Gomersal is a most charming and sprightly actress, and invests the part of Mrs. Delacour with a vivacity and spirit which is perfectly delightful, fairly carrying off the honors of the piece by her lady-like bearing and consummate acting.

Mrs. Wilkins gives a nice little bit of acting as Mrs. Benson, and the other characters are all tolerably well played, and if Mr. Baker will but tone down his coarseness, the play is sure of a long and successful run.

Bourcicault's last new play, "The Long Strike," was produced at the Olympic this week, introducing Mr. Chas. Wheatleigh, who has just returned from California; I will speak of the performance, in detail, next week.

Mrs. Bowers, at the Winter Garden, is still

drawing large audiences to witness her thrilling personation of Lady Audley. "*Donna Diana*," is underlined.

This is the last week of Miss Maggie Mitchell's engagement at the Broadway Theatre, and she has been bringing it to a successful close by her exquisite personation of Amry, in the "Little Barefoot." Next week we are to have Mr. Chas. Dillon, a fine and artistic actor of the colloquial school.

SHUGGE.

CAMILLE Urso's playing at Mr. Harrison's Sunday evening concerts, at Irving Hall, is the theme of general comment. Her career in this country has latterly been a brilliant one; and her talent, which has been developed among us year by year, has been acknowledged, by those capable of criticising her acquirements, without stint. The judgments thus recorded have been sustained by the best European critics, and her six months' sojourn in Paris proved a season of pure artistic triumph. Among first-class artists she was recognized as an equal, and her playing now gives evidence of the advantages of high artistic association. Her style is more matured; her readings are broader, and in all she does there is an appearance of more perfect finish than heretofore. The masculine element of the violin has never been attained but by one woman, Milanola; but Camille Urso has gained much in that direction, and plays now with a strength—a sustained force which leaves us but little to ask for. Her execution of Vieuxtemp's difficult composition, the Ballade and Polonaise, was a masterly performance. She has caught the broad manner and marked character of that great master, and interpreted his work in a style which no other violinist in this country could, except Poznanski, his favorite pupil. In her own special, womanly style, she has certainly no superior, for pathos of expression and tenderness of sentiment, were never more exquisitely illustrated than in her performance of Gottschalk's paraphrase of his "Cradle Song," arranged for and dedicated to her. It was a performance that brought tears to many eyes and deeply affected all. We may be justly proud of the talents of Camille Urso, for they have been developed and matured in this country, and she will represent honorably and successfully in the Old World, the rapid growth and appreciation of Art in America, when she reappears in Paris in the Spring of 1867.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

#### ART MATTERS.

Hubbard has returned from the Adirondacks, where he has been passing the latter part of the season, and brings with him some admirable sketches taken in that region of beautiful and grand scenery; besides these, he has several sketches of Lake George which are all marked by the same general excellence. Mr. Hubbard is an artist who studies nature closely and with a loving heart, hence his sketches, in many instances, assume the proportions of completed pictures, and charm us by their delicacy of finish and general effect.

De Hass has on his easel one of the finest "marines" ever painted in this country; it is called "The Old Wreck," and represents the weather-